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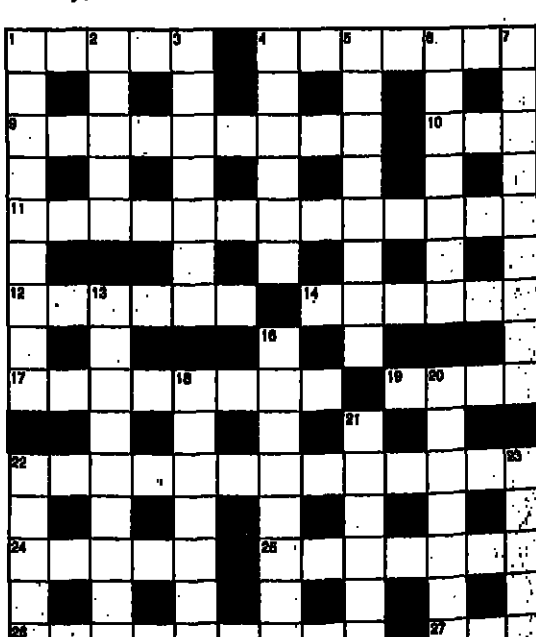
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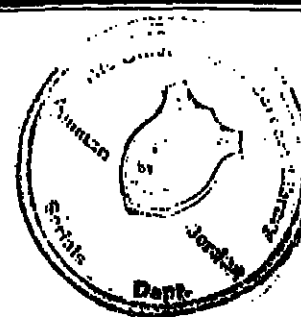


ACROSS

- One of the slips in Waugh's travel book? (5)
- Golden to Margaret, a talking point to Arnold. (9)
- Location of Percy's theatrical business premises. (3,6)
- Taxes from Cowper's work succeeded. (5)
- Novel, domestic version of *The Asphalt Jungle*? (3,6,6)
- The child C.A. Fortescue was. (6)
- Kennedy said he was one of Christopher's friends. (8)
- Once more takes in backward French department on way to Lot's son. (8)
- Handsome courtier, a goul? (7,4)
- A roast with boiled tie somehow led to a Papal epistle. (6,2,7)
- Novelist who demanded money on the nail? (5)
- "every man's welcome", said Horner. (4,5)
- "For every season she hath - ft." (Madrigal) (9)
- Lancelot did, for a little space. (5)

DOWN

- Poetic Portugal - particularly susceptible to Pope's bathos? (9)
- Jun's man, a law unto himself? (5)
- Collected from Cornish; kingdon, we hear. (7)
- For women, but she's not to be mistaken. (6)



TLS

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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The Don placed in a cage (Part One, Chapter 46): one of the 120 full-page illustrations, prepared as wood engravings by H. Pisan from Gustave Doré's drawings, for the 1863 Hachette edition of Cervantes' *Don Quixote* in Louis Vardot's French translation; all reproduced with seventy of the headpieces and tailpieces in Doré's illustrations for "Don Quixote": A Selection of 190 illustrations by Gustave Doré (153pp. Dover/Constable, £4.80. 0 486 24300 1), to be published later this month.

The old Poland:
grandees and pianists

C. P. Snow's politics

Who was who in the
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Gold and diamonds;
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James Michie

Representing the solid classes

D. A. N. Jones

PHILIP SNOW

Stranger and Brother:
A Portrait of C. P. Snow
206pp. Macmillan. £8.95.
0 333 32680 6

There is something Horatian about C. P. Snow's novels and essays. They have a comfortable seriousness and a moderate sensuality, a sane man's cool, considerate sympathy for the derangements of other people when they get too depressed or worked-up. Public affairs are subordinated to private: strangers are important, but less important than brothers.

Snow seems more like Horace than ever, after a reading of this memoir by his younger brother, Philip, especially in the seventh chapter containing the letters Charles sent from England to Philip in Fiji between 1938 and 1946. The most Horatian epistle, perhaps, nicely describes two of this pudgy bachelor's girl-friends—in the manner of a novelist, rather than a lover—telling how his passion has prevented him from attending to his public duties.

Horace was a well-educated schoolboy from a modest, out-of-the-way town (like Snow's Leicester): as a good scholar he was taken up first by Brutus, then by Augustus (as Snow was taken up by Harold Macmillan and Harold Wilson), and he contemplated the world of strangers (Parthians and Egyptians) with a Snow-like equanimity, an Establishment knowingness, not overly partisan. Even Snow's taste for unsmarm food—eggs on toast at the Ritz with his Maecenas—and his lack of concern about his own dress and appearance reflect Horace's self-portrait.

The letters to Fiji offer a striking impression of British national morale from the Chamberlain period to Hiroshima. Snow's detractors have fallen upon the first of these, written in October 1938. A Labour man, Snow miserably predicted that the Conservatives would rather give Kenya and Bournemouth to Hitler (with Lord Londonderry as his

Gauleiter) than try to fight his armies. "Unconsciously, they are better internationalists than the Left, as we've often said; and, as well as the class-sympathy, there were other reasons which made it easy for them to let Hitler have his own way."

It is indeed a defeatist letter, very pessimistic about the patriotism of Britain's Conservatives. But horrible predictions and counsels of despair were common form in private correspondence in those peace-at-any-price days. Bernard Shaw wrote, in April 1939: "The war scare is all nonsense. Now that the last page of the Versailles treaty has been torn up and flung in our faces, it being quite certain we would not fight for it..." In March 1939, a famous private letter of George Orwell proposed that British socialists should join with "idealist Hitler-fascists" to sabotage the anti-Nazi war effort!

By May 1939, Snow seems to have been less pessimistic than other members of the Left-wing intelligentsia. He still saw 80 per cent of the Conservative Party, "the typical men of property" as ready to give everything to Hitler, but he thought the Foreign Office and the whole Civil Service were in a properly war-like mood—and "the Churchills, the old-fashioned imperialists, are as bitter as I am." There was plenty to be bitter about. "R...and his wife talk of suicide. But wouldn't you, if you were a Jew living in Europe today?" Snow consoled himself in Horatian manner: he took out "Rosie from Nottingham for a champagneous Edwardian sort of night."

Several of the people upon whom Snow "based" the characters in his *Strangers and Brothers* novels make an appearance in the letters to Fiji. The Master of Christ's, Cambridge, Canon Raven (Jago of *The Masters*) is lecturing in America, telling everyone "quite truthfully, but hardly tactfully, that the English are afraid to fight." However, Raven has retreated from total pacifism—and Snow is almost sorry, since it would be mean for to see Raven arrested by military policemen during a college meeting.

Much more seriously, there is Charles Allberry, the Cambridge

scholar whose *Weltschmerz* and death in the RAF are somberly commemorated in the story of Roy Calvert in *The Light and the Dark*. There is Sydney Grose, the Tory don who appears as Arthur in *The Masters*. Snow writes in November 1939: "Grose bears up, with a sort of realistic stoicism that I admire. If we lose, I don't want to live," he says, in that being much sturdier than most Conservatives (or most left-wing people either, for that matter, soft and silly people most of them)..."

Very influential is Bert Howard, Snow's former schoolmaster and, eventually, his best man. This free-thinking provincial intellectual consistently stimulated Snow's thinking about liberty and licence—in real life, as well as in his dramatic role as George Passant in the *Strangers and Brothers* series.

The Nazi-Soviet pact of August 1939 brought Snow a certain comfort: it integrated the divided souls of the Tories—and of all those who found it hard to accept Soviet Russia as an anti-Nazi ally. "Grose was happy last night. 'Now we know where we're,' he said," Snow claims to have predicted the Hitler-Stalin pact. "I remember shocking you with the proposal in the days when you accepted human frailty completely than you do now..." Liberal-minded people were astonishingly unrealistic about the Stalinist state.

Snow goes on about Marxism, "an invaluable analytical method" that can mislead "Marxists" just as Freudianism misleads "Freudians." All bibes mislead bibliolaters. The great mistake is "to think that an analytical method automatically prescribes a course of political action." Snow holds that "Stalin and Bert Howard are the active results of Marx and Freud & the two chief lessons of the two great misunderstandings of our time."

By October, he is saying that the British Communist line is "entirely discreditable. They mustn't call on simple people to fight against Hitlerism and then suddenly discover that it is a wicked thing to do..." They have the same mixture of childish optimism and self-centred cynicism as Bert, and he himself represents all the hope and

inevitable decay of the Left in our time."

A heavy burden of symbolic responsibility is laid upon poor Bert Howard's shoulders: as Stalin is taken to represent the oppressiveness deducible from Marx's theories, so Bert Howard—permissive, anti-establishment, provincial schoolmaster—stands for the licentiousness that might be derived from Freud's *Sleep of Reason*, published in 1968, four years after Bert's death. Inspired by the notorious "Moors Murders" case, this novel concerns two free-thinking Lesbians who torture a boy to death—and one of them is George Passant's niece, led astray by Bert's libertarian philosophy. Snow discusses the killers' "paranoia" with something like the coolness—self-controlled, but not exactly dispassionate—that he brings to his discussion of Stalin's "paranoia" in his book of essays, *Varieties of Men*.

Snow wrote in that book of 1966: "I love Russia... I always wanted the Soviet system to develop and work well... There are many things, including impalpable but valuable things, which the Soviet system does better than we do..." So, we need not be surprised to find him writing to his brother in 1941 about his satisfaction with the fact that Britain and Russia are now allied against the Nazis. The Hitler-Stalin pact was good for stiffening Tories against the Nazis; but the Churchill-Stalin agreement is better for Snow's morale:

It is a curious irony that events have forced us and the Russians (and generally the people one would like to be fighting with) on to the same side at last. I'm glad to say that

feeling here is extraordinarily strongly for Russia... I am glad to see the solid classes as the intelligentsia and the proletariat...

These seem to be the three classes to which Snow's mind divided (and some justice) as a link between the intelligentsia and the solid classes, while supposing that his background gave him some insight into the "proletarian" mind.

After Hiroshima, Snow's last letter to Fiji concludes: "Life is a bit better just at present, not only for us but for almost everyone I know. But there's a certain amount of interest to be got out of it. Is it better to be humiliated or humoured? I don't know. His novels might be considered 'humorously miserable'. They are quite out of favour now, out of fashion after the applause they received during the author's lifetime. Several reviews of *Stranger and Brother* have used the book as a stick with which to beat Charles Snow. Philip Snow has written unguardedly, as a younger brother, with great admiration for Charles' intellect and achievements, but also playful and teasing attitude towards eccentricities and vanities; thus, does who think Charles a pompous ass and find support for their opinion in his brother's anecdotes and his eulogies. However, those of us who admire Charles Snow's work—and expect it to be closely studied in years to come—will be grateful for Philip Snow's candour, remembering that Charles himself was often too frank to his own good. "Vides ut alia sit me candidum..." said Horace. Roughly Englished: "You see how deep a candour stand the Snows..."

PR's PR-woman

David Butler

END LAKEMAN

Power to Elect: The Case for Proportional Representation
178pp. Heinemann. £6.95.
0 334 40220 6

End Lakeman wears the only decoration ever given for services to proportional representation. Her OBE recognizes years of unstinted devotion to a cause. For long the mainstay of the Electoral Reform Society (the 1960s name for the nineteenth-century Proportional Representation Society), she has campaigned selflessly via the major newspapers, and through her successive books and pamphlets, for the single transferable vote on the Irish model of PR. She is a true believer: convinced that new rules for elections will cure most of the ills to which governments are victims. Not only the "majoritarian cads" (as R. B. McCallum used to call them), people like Mrs Thatcher and Tony Benn who really believe in first-past-the-post voting, but even proportionally inclined agnostics may recoil from, and even mock, the fire of her conviction. For, to most of us, electoral systems are a means not an end: there is no established correlation between good and bad governments and the particular rules by which their parliaments were chosen.

But End Lakeman is not only an enthusiast, she is also a scholar. Those who cannot share her zealotry have to respect her accuracy, her dedicated and exact assemblage of facts. You may not agree with her passion but you cannot fault her statistics. Arguments over electoral systems must be based on evidence not myth. End Lakeman's contributions to the debate can be a learned tract. It is selective in its choice of evidence but its evidence is never falsified. Here is a clear exposition of the case for Britain adopting the single transferable vote at every level of government. The argument is, alas, voiced in one tone. She does not recognize that the case for proportional representation is much stronger in respect of the European Parliament and indeed for local

councils, where the possible advantages of adversary politics and clear majorities are much less compelling, than it is for the House of Commons.

However, even for Westminster a debate is now in progress to a degree that would have been unthinkable fifteen years ago. Northern Ireland, then the European Parliament, then the Alliance have brought discussion of proportional representation back to our political scene in a way unknown since the 1920s. And End Lakeman has made herself an indispensable witness. *Power to Elect* is not a great academic work but it is more readable than most academic works and it offers to the electoral reformer, to arguments he needs. If he wants to do more austere and technical considerations, he can turn to Robert Newland's manual on *Comparative Electoral Systems*, which, in a dry but rigorous way, sets out the legal properties of each of the major formulas for the operation of proportional representation.

But after a dose of Lakeman and Newland, anyone who is curious should certainly look at two other recent and more polemic contributions to the debate. The first is the product of the Liberal / SDP Alliance's commission under Sir Henry Fisher, which last July produced its *Report on the Single Transferable Vote* in favour of "Community Representation", a bastard version of the Single Transferable Vote under the grandiose name: "The second is the Conservative pamphlet by Angus Maude and John Smeaton which does its best to make all the legitimate points in some of the illegitimate points in favour of the status quo. Meanwhile Vernon Bogdanor's study *The People and the Party System*, with its historical perspective, is much the best book on the elections and the elected to appear in recent years.

In terms of power first-past-the-post still has the upper hand in Britain. But in the past ten years the proportionalists have taken and held the debate in terms of volume and quality. Arguments over electoral systems are always a balance between *Realpolitik* and statistical equity. But is *Realpolitik* that wins

LITERARY HISTORY

J. M. KUIST

The Nichols File of the Gentleman's Magazine
135pp. University of Wisconsin Press.
\$38.
0299 08480 9

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, founded by Edward Cave in 1731, was one of the great institutions of British culture for over a century, and remains a mine of information about literary life between 1731 and 1866. Cave had originally intended it as a monthly digest of news and features from the London press, a "Monthly Collection," as he put it in his first issue, "to treasure up, as in a warehouse, the most remarkable pieces" from the 200 or so journals which existed in London alone. As well as collecting the term "magazine," Cave performed a useful service by disseminating information on a wide range of subjects. Imagine a journal which contained in itself the features of the Times records pages (births, deaths, marriages, social events) but also of *Classical Quarterly*, *Modern Language Review*, *Reader's Digest*, *Scientific American*, *Notes and Queries*, *Poetry*, *Books in Print* and *Quaker*, and one gets an idea of the scope of this popular and widely circulating journal.

Cave's strength as an editor was his readiness to absorb new ideas. From 1735 on he included letters and essays sent by correspondents, unpaid and often anonymous, which became the magazine's chief attraction in later years. He added theatre reviews, gave more space to scientific essays, including pioneering attention to Franklin's experiments with electricity, and formed a regular book review section.

After Cave's death the magazine was continued along the same lines by his family and associates, still appearing from St John's Gate, Clerkenwell (curiously enough, later to become the home of the TLS). In 1778 it passed into the hands of the great literary dynasty founded by John Nichols (1745-1826), indefatigable scholar and antiquarian, who doubled the size of the journal to accommodate the ever-increasing correspondence. Nichols's son, John Bowyer Nichols, although not giving as much space to poetry as their predecessors had done, maintained the ethos and standards of the journal successfully until 1856, when it finally passed out of the Nichols family.

While Cave had worked with a staff in his offices, supervised by him, Nichols depended more and more on a widely scattered community of scholars. As a result Nichols's printing house became the centre of an enormous exchange of notes, letters, queries, reviews, some of which got into the pages of the magazine. Much of the material is now happily extant (if not yet fully catalogued) in the Bodleian, the John Rylands Library, Yale, Columbia, the Folger Shakespeare Library, the British Library, and, no doubt, many other places. The great tragedy for Nichols, and for all historians of the eighteenth century, came in February 1808, when a fire destroyed his printing-house and warehouse, which contained the stock of the *Gentleman's Magazine* since 1783: doing \$30,000 worth of damage in one hour. It probably also destroyed the thirteenth-century copy of the magazine which had belonged to Edward Cave, and Nichols's own run since editors of the journal have depended on anonymous contributions, then as now, do have the wit to record authorship in their own way.

After the fire the Nichols family continued these records and set about trying to reconstruct authorship of the earlier volumes; assembling a great amount of information for the later period. In addition they typed into the master copy manuscript letters, galley proofs, drawings from which plates had been made, publishers' catalogues, and much else. This remarkable archive is a magazine in every sense of the word. It is a treasure-house of literary history, reaching the warehouses of

Henry Clay Folger in Brooklyn. The Nichols set was on the open shelves of the Folger Library in Washington, DC when it was opened in the 1930s, but it was not recognized for what it was until Professor James M. Kuist—who had been looking for it—found it there in the 1970s.

While not as thorough in its coverage of new books as the *Monthly Review* or the *Critical Review*, the *Gentleman's* had a wider scope than any other journal, and contributed to the study of British history, genealogy, topography, architecture, science, art and much else. To have some 13,000 anonymous items identified for the first time is enough to make this catalogue an invaluable research tool in many areas of British cultural history between the 1780s and 1840s. The coverage within this period is uneven, reflecting the circumstances of the fire. For the period 1770-1790 about 160 items are now identified; for 1790 to 1809 the number rises to 600; the next twenty years to 800 or so, but for the 1830s and 1840s several thousand items are ascribed to their authors.

Thanks to the Nichols family we can now observe the uses and abuses of anonymity. George Stevens, one of the most prolific and devoured writers of the last eighteenth century, is represented here by eighteen attributions. Three of these are acknowledged with the initials "G.S.", two are simply anonymous, but for the remainder Stevens uses no less than ten pseudonyms. In his typically sneaky manner, while contributing valuable scholarly notes on Hogarth, Stevens signs his five Hogarth pieces each with a different name, making his personae appear to comment on each other, and even adding an approving reference to "Mr Stevens's" own collection of Hogarth prints. Stevens was not alone in exploiting the advantages of anonymity. A number of these reviewers could not resist the temptation to review their own books, whether or not with the connivance of the editor. Ralph Griffiths, editor of the *Monthly Review*, whose marked-up copy exists in the Bodleian, when he discovered that Andrew Becket had managed to review his own anonymously published *Concordance to Shakespeare*, scrawled on his copy a quotation from Horace's *Satires*: "Hic niger est," "that man is black of heart". Nichols must have known that Richard Gough was the compiler of *Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain*, yet Gough was allowed to review both volumes for the *GM*, writing of the second in 1799 that "This great and splendid work, though undertaken and executed at the expense of a single individual, is yet a national work, of a superior style and interest to many of the voluminous productions daily obtruded on our libraries by interested publishers". J. O. Halliwell pronounced his *Liters Illustrative of the Progress of Science* (1841) a "valuable addition" to knowledge, and congratulated himself for having worked "carefully and judiciously". At least six other reviewers here puffed their own work, including John Nichols himself, on behalf of the edition of Swift which he had prepared with John Bowyer Nichols in 1801.

While questioning the morality of these reviewers one cannot but wonder at their range. Richard Gough, who ranks with Stendhal in his fondness for pseudonyms (Gough used nearly a hundred here), contributed over 1,000 articles, and reviews. Indeed, the patience of the present indexes gave out when it came to listing them, as they are credited with "the various works on this section for months at a time with no further itemization. Gough's essays range from literary topics to archaeology, biography, history, genealogy, and folk customs. Even more prolific was the Reverend John Milford, who was responsible for over 2,000 items in the 1830s and 1840s. John Nichols himself contributed over 500 pieces, his son over 300, and his grandson about 1,000. It must have been a painful way of earning a living, a staff reviewer having to cope with ten to twenty books a month.

In literature one can trace here surprising rediscoveries, such as pieces

on Hooker and Quarles in the early 1800s; some of the earliest essays on Shakespeare's *Sonnets*; the discovery of the Bad Quarto of *Hamlet* in 1825; and the early appearances of Dickens and Tennyson. There are several pieces on Swift, many on Shakespeare, and even more on Johnson, including important biographical and critical essays. There is a commendable concern for the preservation and restoration of ancient buildings, and frequent protests at the destruction of churches in the City of London. Social reforms advocated include the relief of chimney-sweepers (1803), and the replacement of capital punishment by solitary confinement (1825). The universities were not neglected, with proposals to introduce Anglo-Saxon at Oxford and Cambridge (1823), comments on the delayed foundation of Downing College (1801, 1807), and the prospectus for the first session of London University in 1828-9. That year also saw the short-lived publication of a journal called the *London Review*, the fourth of that name.

The titles of essays record an agreeably wide range of eccentricities. James Brown added to his "Anecdotes of Vulture Hopkins" (1788) an essay "On Black beetles, and modes of destroying them". Readers were offered "A device for rescuing skaters who fall through ice", cures for viper-bites and hydrophobia, and "Useful hints to encyclopedists: on French Bread". Titles are informative but laconic: "Right eye first decays"; "Cross-legged sepulchral effigies"; "Hermia, or rupture very general". There are "Regulations for the art of screaming", by "A quiet soul" (Alexander Chalmers, 1807), and "A dissertation on sneezing" (1799)—only reference to the text will tell whether these are facetious. There is an "account of a parachute jump" in 1802, and a history of balloons in 1835. "Irony in Scripture" asks Ralph Chorton doubtfully, in 1813. Poems whose authors are identified here include the touching "Elegiac stanzas, written on Christmas Eve, during the absence of an only son at sea" (1802) by William Bunce, and a somewhat ludicrous "Epigram on a woman and son, each blind of an eye" by Thomas Stolt, who under the pseudonym of "Hic" also contributed a poem called "Cutehacutchoo", and a "Sonnet to an enwig".

All these and much more, as they say, can be found here. Yet finding anything is not too easy. Kuist was faced with serious problems of presentation, given the size of the file, and the vast number of millenary items, and his solution was to divide the material into a series of alphabetical indexes, the most important being Catalogue 1, which lists all the attributions of authorship in the Nichols file. It is followed by four catalogues of related documents (brochures, prospectuses), manuscripts and other papers, and finally a massive list of unpublished documents, letters, reviews, notes, all preserved in boxes in the Folger Library. While this material is of great interest, it can only be used by researchers working in that library, and one must question whether it is of the same importance as the catalogue of ascriptions, and indeed whether it deserves to be published at all outside the card-indexes of the Folger. Some 240 columns list post-cards, letters, press-cuttings of material accessible, and comprehensible, only to users of the library in Washington, whereas the *Gentleman's Magazine* itself is available in major libraries all round the world. The space and time given to this unpublished material might have been better spent in improving the catalogue of identifications.

Arrangement of the main catalogue is alphabetical, and within each author alphabetical by pseudonym, and only then chronologically. To take a small example, for William Bray, we begin with "Andon", two pieces, from 1765 and 1801; then under "A.Z.", a piece from 1817; and so on, through several different pseudonyms, down to "Z.Z.". Since items are listed chronologically under each pseudonym, this entry makes it possible, stretching over forty years, for Richard Gough, with his hundred pseudonyms, the amount of

Anonymities ascribed

Brian Vickers

chronological jumping-about that the user is forced to do is intolerable. Indeed the compilers themselves seem to have become confused, since the sequence of Gough's anonymous contributions runs from 1764 to 1809, but then begins again and runs from 1788 to 1806. Obviously the main editorial decisions concerning this index have been made from the position of someone interested primarily in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and knowing something about its contributors. Yet even such users would have been better served with a straight chronological sequence, which would enable them to study the progress of a reviewer's career, his changes of interest, his involvement in controversies or political issues, and so on. An alphabetical arrangement by pseudonym is convenient for the computer, and may reduce printing costs in that entries can begin with a dash instead of repeating the whole name, but otherwise it is meaningless, effectively destroys the continuities of a life, and can only be described as anti-historical.

In two other ways this index is highly inconvenient. Items are not numbered on each page, and reference to the general index will merely indicate the page of the catalogue on which the writer can be found, together with the number of contributions listed on that page. One can spend a lot of time looking through up to a hundred items to find the relevant one. The model for arrangement of such matter is provided by the two indexes made by Benjamin C. Nangle to the *Monthly Review*. Nangle numbers the items consecutively, issue by issue, and then gives an alphabetical list of contributors and their items, so establishing a chronology for each essayist. This arrangement would have been possible here, albeit on a larger scale.

The gravest shortcoming of this catalogue, however, is its failure to provide an index to topics or to names treated. There is an index to contributors, and an elaborate index to contributors' pseudonyms and initials, but none to the subject-matter that they write about. Of course, indexes to the *Gentleman's Magazine* were published at the time, but only up to 1818, and these with many errors and omissions. Users of this catalogue who want to find out what was published on Shakespeare or Johnson or Virgil, and who wrote it, are going to have to read through the whole catalogue, or, of course, through the whole magazine. There is, at least, a chronological list of identified contributions. In the New Series, Volume 5, for instance, for "Letter of the late S. T. Coleridge". By consulting the chronological index, page 303 of this catalogue, one is told that this item is identified on page 34, and by scanning that page, where it luckily occurs towards the top of the first column, one discovers that the author of the note was William Lisle Bowles. The cross-referencing system, although cumbersome, does work. But since the information on the original computer entry included the name of Coleridge, it would have been comparatively easy to programme a separate index of names and topics, and users wanting to find Coleridge, or Winchester, directly from these pages, could have been spared a great deal of work. Perhaps an index of names and topics treated can be issued separately: it would vastly increase the usefulness of the catalogue.

The material presented here is of great intrinsic interest, and the file as a whole constitutes an important literary discovery. While wishing that it had been presented in a more usable format, the very fact of its concentration in terms of the internal history of the *Gentleman's Magazine* provides a solid base for Professor Kuist's future research, which one can look forward to with some impatience.

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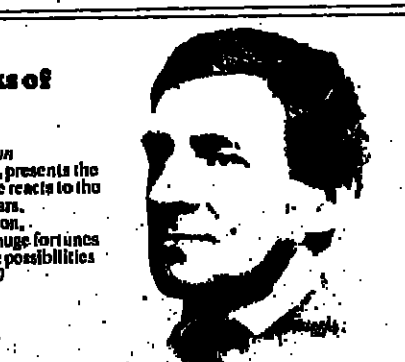
1847-1880
selected, edited and translated by Francis Steegmüller
The second volume of the *Letters* we see Flaubert in the years of his fame and maturity. In them he gives full and complete accounts of his life and work, and of the literary and social milieu in which he lived. *Harvard University Press*, January 1983, £14.00

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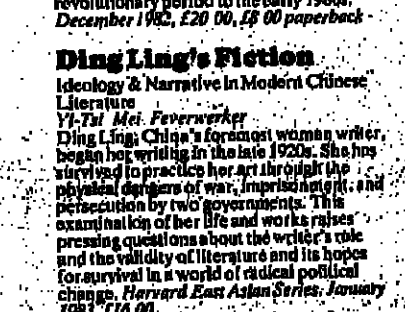
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Ralph Waldo Emerson

Lowell, Massachusetts, 1846. This is now thoroughly revised and updated. It provides a complete record of Emerson's literary and intellectual development in the revolutionary period to the early 1850s. *December 1982, £28.00, £8.00 paperback*



Gustave Flaubert

The second volume of the *Letters* we see Flaubert in the years of his fame and maturity. In them he gives full and complete accounts of his life and work, and of the literary and social milieu in which he lived. *Harvard University Press*, January 1983, £14.00

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Weekend excursions

Alan Brownjohn

ROY HATTERSLEY

Politics Apart
184pp. BBC Publications. £7.25.
0 563 20058 8

For finding out about the progress of parliamentarians *Who's Who* is not a patch on the successive volumes of *The Times Guide to the House of Commons*. For one thing, the *Guide* can show you, pictorially, who is hunched shoulders with whom, and for how long. The two Roys of Birmingham, Hattersley and Jenkins, Labour members respectively for Sparkbrook and Stechford, make their first photographic appearance on the sabbath page after the General Election of 1964. (Jenkins had already had sixteen years in the House). Thereafter they pop up together through four successive elections, accumulating ministerial honours and buoyed by happy boundary changes, both sons of the working class with politically active families, both grammar-school lads, both right of centre and devout enemies of the left, both pro-European.

And then, in the 1979 volume of the *Guide*, one of the two quiet, confident sons—Jenkins—is missing, replaced by the face of a new Labour member who had to battle hard to regain the seat lost at the 1977 by-election, after Jenkins had departed for the European Commission. Suddenly it seems as if the two Roys had always directed their gaze in different directions. So when a complex of personal and political factors produced the divergence which has been selected to be the front-page of *Who's Who*, Consumer Protection and the role of the shadow Home Secretary, and for Jenkins, Brussels, Hillhead and the

harsh patronage of Mr David Steel?

It is quite fair to contrast that older mould of politicians—Balfour, the Oxford Union, the Fabian Society, the Society of Authors—into which Roy Jenkins fitted himself so comfortably, and which his new party is so intent on reinforcing, with a new Labour mould represented by Roy Hattersley. Hull University, Sheffield City Council, the National Health Service and ASTMS. But the essential difference certainly runs much deeper, in currents hidden from us, of temperament, motive and ambition. And on the surface of these waters, steered with infinite subtlety—this is Britain—by factors of class and the detailed content of education, float those very revealing vessels, the politician's literary influences.

"More Essays by Modern Masters" made a far deeper impression on me than William Shakespeare was able to achieve. I wrote Hattersley of the second form at Sheffield City Grammar School during the winter of 1947. This is self-deprecating modesty from the author of the *Liters*. "Endpieces" now collected as *Politics Apart*, who, in those half-concealed tags and quotations which are the hallmark of this literary form, invokes not only Shakespeare but Browning, the Brontës, George Eliot, T. S. Eliot and Philip Larkin. But those "modern masters" (Robert Lynd, G. K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, E. V. Rieu, J. B. Priestley) unquestionably determined the shape and tone of these essays, and who know, the politics of the boy lecturing the Sheffield Council estates. In the hands of Hattersley (though he is, of course, tougher than he looks and writes) the genial, witty, literary excursion, easily banished from so many publications, and nearly killed by the decline of the *Who's Who*, seems alive and well. The real fun, excitement and political

Sondheim (in the bath), the endurance of harmless prattlers, are the prerequisite of this kind of writing, and Hattersley achieves some admirable and entertaining variations.

But the trouble with this fourteen-hundred-word assignment, turned out regularly (and neatly turned out) according to certain rules and regulations, and acknowledging certain taboo topics and sentiments, is that it rarely transcends its limits. Genuine anger, and polemic, for example, are not within its range. It has to be comfortable and good-tempered, and its tone is traditionally conservative. One of Hattersley's achievements is to shift matters just a little towards the left. He takes the weekend essay out from clubland to the Co-op, and to the Sparkbrook Carnival. Cricket is not what it used to be, not because the cricketers are not what they were, but because commercial sponsorship is what it is (and he is very good, in the best of humours, about the miseries of commercial broadcasting).

Yet ultimately the endpieces are the "conservative" essays one might expect from the limits imposed by the rules. There is the touch of iconoclasm, about royal occasions and parliamentary dignity, a reasonably radical kind of populism on the terraces at Sheffield Wednesday, or at "Sleepless in Winter", a slightly sceptical slant on patriotism (finely invoking, here, W. H. Auden's "In Praise of Limestone"). But the bounds of good taste and good temper are never exceeded; Hattersley's Labour rosette on the dust-jacket even changes into an *Amicus*. Dry poppy. It is debatable whether the limits can be breached within the limits chosen for Mr Hattersley's essays, or for the politics which they subliminally represent. But the real fun, excitement and political

051-150

Significant terrain

John Barrell

RONALD PAULSON

Literary Landscape: Turner and Constable

274pp, with 83 black-and-white illustrations. Yale University Press. £15. 0 300 02804 0

The path from Hogarth, through Rowlandson and over the dizzying range of painters and genres discussed in his *Emblem and Expression*, has led Ronald Paulson to this consideration of Turner and Constable, and he clearly relishes the challenge. For not only are they "by all odds the two greatest painters that England has produced", but they cannot be understood by the means of interpretation that Paulson developed in relation to Hogarth, whose works ask to be read, and aspire to closed meanings. Landscape, in the period when it was being detached from history, portrait, subject or merely topographical painting, and by reason of the fluidity and flexibility of shapes, colors and representations, it allowed, offered the means for "the great breakthrough from objective to subjective art", inexhaustibly open to interpretation. The breakthrough was great, it seems to Paulson, in proportion to the size of the barriers to be broken through, the rubble of the "literary" painting of the eighteenth century and earlier, where landscape was paintable only as a background for human activity, or as a commentary on the human condition. It was in England that the breakthrough was made, and where the need for it was most urgent: for in England it was almost impossible to avoid the "verbal-conceptual" as a mediator between painters and the natural world.

In the two principal sections of this book, Paulson examines the struggles of Turner and Constable towards what he sometimes describes as "pure" landscape, though as he would surely agree, landscape is never that, and "subjective" indicates better the nature of his concern. He is, as he admits, much more excited by Constable's struggle than by Turner's. For "the trimmer Turner" disguises the private meanings of his painting by the superscription of "graffiti"—visual linguistic puns, tags, titles—which direct our attention to the academic and moral aspect of his works, to the "fallacies of hope" they are claimed to represent, and so away from their most

revolutionary aspect, the energy of the paint, which may be suspected of containing meanings that required to be concealed—in particular, the hubris of the man who identified with the sun, dared to look at its face, and called it his god.

We register the breakthrough in Turner in spite of his efforts to hide it. But for Constable the struggle was harder, because he was more determined to win, and because he understood landscape as a much less "fluid" subject that it was for Turner: the imperative in Constable, to map out a terrain, to demonstrate the shapes, sizes and meeting-points of fields, hills, woods, was at odds with his need to use his landscapes also as the carriers of personal meaning which, in later years, he so determinedly made them—by ruins ("a symbol... of myself"), and by the extravagant chiaroscuro and interpretative letterpress of his mezzotint collection, *English Landscape Scenery*. But such superscriptions, rather than with Turner, may have worked to hide the primary places of meaning in his work, between the dark staffage of the foreground and the distant, sunlit meadow, between landscape as whole and as part-object, between the visual and the verbal—finally resolved, Paulson suggests, in the late paintings of Hampstead Heath.

That is the theme of *Literary Landscape*: the detail of the argument, however, is another matter, and it would take a review rather longer than the book itself to attempt a criticism of that. For, as in *Emblem and Expression*, his interpretation and contextualization of the artists he discusses is striking in its range and suggestiveness, and sometimes also in its mistakes: for example, it was Gainsborough, not Constable, who regarded Sandby as the "only Man of Genius" to work as a topographical painter, and Constable's friend John Fisher did not buy "The Hay-Wain". There are passages here full of the most acute insight; a rich discussion of the meanings of the sun in early nineteenth-century England, an eloquent account of how Constable's work is charged with topographical information, a most thoughtful discussion of *English Landscape Scenery*, some perceptive analysis of Wilson's compositional structures, of the different qualities of light in Turner and Constable, and a great deal more. But for all that, this is not one of Paulson's more distinguished performances, and for two main reasons.

The interpretations of Turner and Constable are almost entirely in psychological and psychosexual terms: the preoccupation which Paulson rightly sees in English landscape with the "literary"—the moral, the social, the religious, the political—is treated just as superscription on paintings that would otherwise speak only too clearly about the psyche and sexuality of their makers. Criticism for Paulson, has become entirely the discovery of the hidden; and only the psychosexual is hidden; the social, the political, the religious, it seems, are things one is always aware of, and function only as repressive, or as displacements of the private. He has no notion of ideology, of the moral and political meanings that may also lie hidden in a landscape. Constable, he says, was "simply not much concerned with people"—a strange remark from a critic who believes that so much is at stake in Constable's "theory" of landscape as depopulated history; and a strange lack of concern for Paulson of all people to leave unanalysed.

But what Paulson doesn't say is less worrying than what he does. The main difficulty of representing the argument of this book is not just a result of its range, but of the difficulty of understanding how it proceeds. Paulson has a gift for uncovering problems, and for suggesting explanations for them—but why some such explanations are included in his argument, and others are excluded, is often impossible to determine, and pursuit of his train of thought is delayed and waylaid by a host of similar hazards: a tendency to make Constable's utterances mean much more than they say; a habit of arguing through metaphors not clearly recognized as such.

Thus, if Constable describes his love of dew and breezes and also of old rotten banks, he is not therefore saying that the opposing demands of the visual and verbal—take the dunghill that appears in "The Stour Valley and Dedham Church" of 1815. In that painting, Paulson believes, Constable had found a way of relating foreground and background in georgic terms which had also the potential to mediate the psychosexual anxieties that his pictures reveal and conceal. The foreground dung is being carried off to be spread on the distant fields, to fertilize them, while the composition still acknowledges the dunghill as blocking our path to the distance, and as (at last) an independently pleasurable alternative. The Hampstead paintings, Paulson believes, may achieve a similar mediation. We may agree that the muck-heaps are an image of fertility, and



"Woman Milking", a drawing by Rubens, c 1615-18, now in the Musée des Beaux-Arts, Besançon, reproduced from Lisa Vergara's Rubens and the Poetics of Landscape (207pp, with 121 plates. Yale University Press. £27. 0 300 02508 4), to be reviewed in a later issue of the TLS.

made structural oppositions the metaphor brings along with it?

Or—and this is a crucial example, on which turns Constable's "solution" to the opposing demands of the visual and verbal—take the dunghill that appears in "The Stour Valley and Dedham Church" of 1815. In that painting, Paulson believes, Constable had found a way of relating foreground and background in georgic terms which had also the potential to mediate the psychosexual anxieties that his pictures reveal and conceal. The foreground dung is being carried off to be spread on the distant fields, to fertilize them, while the composition still acknowledges the dunghill as blocking our path to the distance, and as (at last) an independently pleasurable alternative. The Hampstead paintings, Paulson believes, may achieve a similar mediation. We may agree that the muck-heaps are an image of fertility, and

also that it has a formal similarity to the sand-banks that appear in the paintings of Branch Hill Pond. But formal similarity is not therefore a functional identity, and a sand-bank is not therefore an image of fertility, certainly not for an artist as concerned with agricultural information as Constable. It is not therefore simply "muck-heaps", as Paulson keeps calling it, but a sand-bank, whose use (as Paulson admits) is to build houses and not to manure fields. Constable, now Paulson, could not "restrain" the "metaphorical activity of his mind", but the lack of restraint may be Paulson's before it is Constable's.

As in all Paulson's writings, there is great deal of intelligence in this book, and a great deal of work thinking about it, but much of it is on the margins of the argument, whose procedures are sometimes so strange as to question how it is an argument at all.

HISTORY

Under the old plantation

David B. Quinn

IVOR NOEL HUME

Martin's Hundred
343pp. Gallancz. £11.95.
0 575 03178 6

When I was teaching at the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg in 1969-70, a frequent topic of conversation was the plan of Colonial Williamsburg Inc. to turn the finely renovated plantation mansion, Carter's Grove, into the centre of a working plantation; and the snide remark about it was "Where will they keep the slaves?" What we did not know was that Ivor Noel Hume was at work attempting to find traces of the subsidiary buildings, houses, barns, slave quarters and such which would give authenticity to the proposed new layout. Two seasons' work, we now know, revealed very few traces of this sort, but at various points, both inland from the house and especially towards the James River to the front of it, seventeenth-century artefacts appeared in unexpected quantities. The report was shelved, was taken out again only in 1976 and exploration resumed, and in his racy and informative narrative, Noel Hume says, wryly, "had we known the answer we might never have begun." But with exemplary patience Colonial Williamsburg let them begin, bore with their finding early seventeenth and not eighteenth-century materials underground, and gave logistic support (though excavation money had to be found from other sources) until the project was brought to an end early in 1980.

The story of their search in *Martin's Hundred* is a chronological one, told with panache and from a fascinating

personal viewpoint: that of the archaeologist in the field, going from one site to another, one problem to another (not least being the weather), and finally making a coherent picture, bit by bit, of what was found and interpreted, guessing as Hume says as they went along, seeking advice, and usually, by pertinacity and scholarship, finding answers, if not always, perhaps, final ones. To get out a book this quickly is a feat few archaeologists manage. They usually sit on their finds too long, sometimes for ever. But, we are told, a dry-as-dust scientific report will follow in due course. This is however very much more than a mere trailer for such a report; it is a genuine contribution to knowledge, though much in the way of interpretation must come later.

A reviewer who is a historian, not an archaeologist, is in some difficulty in dealing with what is revealed here since it is for him largely a story told backwards, the later period excavations coming first, the earliest first. Briefly, Martin's Hundred was an offshoot of the Virginia Company's attempt to colonize Virginia for the first time with Englishmen. In 1618 the company began assembling unsurveyed grants of land to syndicates of investors, whose "particular plantations", as they were called, consisted of a capital-raising body in England, a manager, farmers and a well-equipped band of indentured labourers, who would obtain land from the local Council of Virginia and proceed to erect such buildings as they needed, so that on cleared land tobacco could be grown and native products such as sassafras, China root or whatever collected, and sent for profit to London.

All that was known about the location of the plantation was that it was some way to the south of Jamestown and on the river. Several

hundred people were installed in Wolstenholme Town (called after one of the principal financiers of the scheme) and agricultural production began, though the settlers were no doubt subject to the high rate of mortality common to other groups. It was struck by the Indian rising of March 20, 1622, a blow from which it never really recovered, some seventy-eight people been taken captive and these may have been taken captive and later killed or released. The survivors ran away to Jamestown, but some came back when reinforcements and supplies arrived in 1623, though this time no roots were struck and within a few years the colonists melted away, until finally the grant was cancelled by the royal authorities in Virginia after the Virginia Company's demise. A few enterprising men came to farm near the fringes of the settlement but it was never occupied again.

Ivor Noel Hume left the Guildhall Museum (now the Museum of London) in 1956 to become director of archaeology for Colonial Williamsburg, and since then has had a commanding influence on archaeological work in North America, helping substantially to make historical archaeology there a discipline standing somewhere between History and Anthropology. His *Treasure from the Thames* (1955) gave some inkling of what he could do with bits and pieces. At Williamsburg, those bits and pieces have become a major research collection on every aspect of the material remains of eighteenth-century America and the Europe from which so many of them came. Hume has also built up a fine laboratory, renowned for its conservation techniques. Without this backing he would have found it hard to make as much progress as he has done. The money for the excavations came at first from the National Foundation for the Humanities and then from the *National Geographic Magazine*. The latter tied him to sponsor bright and colourful articles on his progress (the artificial "colour" of which he restrained as much as possible), press conferences, televised views of the excavations and appearances, a film of much of the work in progress. This exposure brought news of the venture into millions of homes, and put a severe strain on the excavators, though their leader kept his cool on most occasions and proved a first-rate PR man, while struggling, on the whole, very successfully, to temper ballyhoo with truth and scholarship. To ignore this aspect would be to miss one important strand in the book, the exposure not only of the past but of their finds and finders to the public gaze.

The first site cleared was on the

landward side of Carter's Grove, and proved to belong to the period after 1622 and before about 1650. It was an individual household, surrounded at some distance from the house by a fence. It is thought to have been built by a man of substance, probably William Harwood who had headed Martin's Hundred and come back for a few years to take over part of its land when the settlers had gone (it was then occupied by one or two other persons up to about 1650). This was the practice site: it threw up, unexpectedly, some fine Virginia-made pottery, the earliest so far discovered, and sent the excavators hunting in the woods for the place where it was made. They did find a site with discarded fragments of armour and a good deal of pottery, including a piece dated 1631, but not the kiln. Archaeologically the pottery find was a valuable one.

It was not until the excavators moved into the land between Carter's Grove and the James River that what proved to be Martin's Hundred was slowly revealed. Here the surface soil was removed mechanically, though elsewhere (at St Mary's City in Maryland) surface analysis of the plough zone has provided, through computerization, valuable clues as to what lay underneath. For various reasons, mainly to do with time and money, this was not done here. In the case of an excavation where all buildings were made of wood, only postholes and other faint traces remain of what once had been habitations and other buildings. Meticulous tracing of all such markings made up the results of each season's dig, with graves and a shallow well as the only bonuses. These are shown in many diagrams essential to the narrative. A fort was found and delimited, its irregular shape presenting some difficulty to the excavators, but revealing that posts, some distance apart, with stout upright planks in between, formed the palisade, not the upright tree-trunks hitherto thought to have been used. The calculation of the firing step and the armament of the watchtower and bastion (as they were plotted) was difficult since so little was left. There then followed the finding of an enclosed area which had in it what had been storehouses and a dwelling: this was given the name of "The Company Compound": in it was a well and much of the waste, showing pottery had been made here between 1619 and 1622, along with many other artefacts. The burning of Jamestown took place in January 1698 and not in 1609 (p.277). Misprints such as "Merchant Tailor's Company" and "Minories" must make an old London hand wince. But otherwise haste does not show up appreciably in a fine and exciting book.

nor will be found. The James River carried it away as it eroded its bank and nothing remains even underwater, as searches showed.

It was the artefacts recovered which gave this site its publicity value and also a solid body of material, interesting or not to non-specialists, which will gradually yield much more information as it is digested and assembled. The long search to solve the mystery of the central line of nails which marked the coffin graves, took research in many parts of England and determined that gable-topped coffins were used in this period. This was a piece of research of interest only to a detective archaeologist like Noel Hume. But the recovery and restoration of a cavalry officer's close helmet was given the full publicity treatment: it also led to a long search for similar pieces and ended in a military museum at Graz. There were lots of bits and pieces of armour too which took a deal of identification, even if there was little drama about them. Drama came when a victim of the 1622 killing was convincingly produced, his forehead split by a spade, his scalp taken, and a bang on the back of the head established as having finally killed him. The plough zone has provided, through computerization, valuable clues as to what lay underneath. For various reasons, mainly to do with time and money, this was not done here. In the case of an excavation where all buildings were made of wood, only postholes and other faint traces remain of what once had been habitations and other buildings. Meticulous tracing of all such markings made up the results of each season's dig, with graves and a shallow well as the only bonuses. These are shown in many diagrams essential to the narrative. A fort was found and delimited, its irregular shape presenting some difficulty to the excavators, but revealing that posts, some distance apart, with stout upright planks in between, formed the palisade, not the upright tree-trunks hitherto thought to have been used. The calculation of the firing step and the armament of the watchtower and bastion (as they were plotted) was difficult since so little was left. There then followed the finding of an enclosed area which had in it what had been storehouses and a dwelling: this was given the name of "The Company Compound": in it was a well and much of the waste, showing pottery had been made here between 1619 and 1622, along with many other artefacts. The burning of Jamestown took place in January 1698 and not in 1609 (p.277). Misprints such as "Merchant Tailor's Company" and "Minories" must make an old London hand wince. But otherwise haste does not show up appreciably in a fine and exciting book.

Only the high spots of the story are given here, but time after time the telling reveals the ingenuity and pertinacity of Noel Hume and of his wife Audrey, with whom he conducts, in the book, amusing argumentative dialogues while decisions are being reached. *Martin's Hundred*, with its very personal approach, will teach the reader painstakingly (almost) what a chancy business archaeology is, how much luck there is in identifying scraps of this and that, how versatile in its interests the archaeologist must be. The excitement of the chase is there throughout and in its way the book is very much a triumph for its author. There are mistakes and misprints: the former cluster round what is said about Ulster. The statement on p.234 that "In 1607... a rebellion in Ireland led by the Earl of Tyrone was crushed", will seem especially perverse as an explanation for the Ulster Plantation. The burning of Jamestown took place in January 1698 and not in 1609 (p.277). Misprints such as "Merchant Tailor's Company" and "Minories" must make an old London hand wince. But otherwise haste does not show up appreciably in a fine and exciting book.

The Ingres of existentialism

Catherine Lampert

LAWRENCE GOWING

Lucian Freud

230pp. Thames and Hudson. £18. 0 500 09154 4

Lawrence Gowing's *Lucian Freud*, on which the artist has collaborated, makes available for the first time an extensive survey of Freud's work from 1937 to 1982. Admirers of his painting have previously only had access to a handful of pictures in public collections such as "John" with roses, and "Addiction". Interior. Harry Diamond? The great majority of the paintings, drawings and etchings reproduced here, "best" told, on completion, to "private" collectors: Freud's work has become known in literary context—a drawing published in *Horizon* in 1940 (when he was seventeen), illustrations alongside Nicholas Moore's poetry four years later and portraits of Stephen Spender, Cyril Connolly and Christian Bérard in the 1940s.

Herbert Read labelled the young Freud "the Ingres of Existentialism", embracing the mixture of classicism, confident self-reliance and the solemn pose of the Ingres. In the last ten years of his life, Freud's graphic work has been clearly contemporary as in the sketch of a man in a hat, painted in 1970. The recent

pictures present a new vision of human flesh. On the wall and on the page, unified and undated, they allow no social access to the artist: this is a special challenge for people who love painting for itself.

Lawrence Gowing, a practising painter and long-standing partisan of a number of modern British artists, never confuses his own words or reactions with those of Freud. The way in which he describes the weeks during the winter of 1981-82 when the two met to discuss painting, suggests a book that is a kind of conversation. Calling him "heavy-footed" and Freud "light-footed", Gowing allows his moments of maladroitness to expose vital issues. For instance, when Gowing is on the verge of asking what problem Freud hopes to solve, the artist declares all "picture-making" with the statement, "I want it to be more inevitable than that." Gowing's highly readable and profound text is at once didactic, lyrical, and friendly. First, he recites and dramatizes three important periods (1947, 1958-59, and 1970). In Freud's life, which is almost to specific images. Then, he draws attention to several of the tools distinctive to this artist. Freud's equipment is composed to have changed from a sable brush which allowed paint to dry with immaculate luminosity, to a hog-hair brush that binds paint within fine ridges or peaks. The ink hatching and scribbles that characterize his earlier style gradually re-emerge as a network of delicate strokes of oil paint, followed by "Kleinian" white pigment. Freud

works at intervals throughout a twenty-four hour day studying from all angles flesh deprived of daylight and of sleep. In his paintings, vivid bursts of vein and muscle are placed next to highly tactile translations of linen, leather and silk; often animals such as monkeys, dogs or a cat, rest next to the sitters.

Sometimes Gowing's descriptions of Freud's procedures are too sophisticated. A large, unillustrated, and at the date of publication unfinished, painting is said to have "unrolled a few inches" between two visits of the artist to the studio. By this reference we are meant to understand that the painted area, often re-painted, spreads from the interior inch-by-inch leaving areas of bare canvas: it recalls the misleading corner of guilt when "Naked Woman" was exhibited in 1978. This technique is not a popular one today, and it further evidences Freud's distance from modernism. Freud's "picture-making" He maintains that everything he does is a reaction against something, mainly against himself. His fascination with a reproduction of Egyptian heads from Amarna is cited. Could he have been ravelling Picasso at Avignon in his 1941 drawing of a boy or remembering Balhaus's painting of Miro and a daughter in his own double portrait of 1949?

References to other artists are rare, though Cezanne and Van Gogh are mentioned. Freud's place and time is a mysterious reference to Freud's "Pier in the School of London" (p. 107), which, being B. B. Kitz's term,

although, in a catalogue introduction to an exhibition of eight figurative painters at Yale University in 1981, Gowing also used it and thickened the circle of its members. But in this instance and elsewhere it was without naming the other artists; the allusions are unhelpful and implied comparisons invidious.

Gowing is good when he redefines the genre of "figurative painting". He believes its aim should be not to achieve "likeness" but to reveal to the viewer "the presence of something unparallelled and wonderful". The important painting "Figure with bare arms" (1961-62) is considered at length. Stroked paint and the triangular foregrounding of the woman's torso register uncomfortably on the printed page, but by the end of Gowing's description we have been imaginatively transported to the room where the canvas hangs and shown that scale makes his two-dimensional image "real" true. Hence Freud's desired "inevitability". Gowing explains why Freud seldom identifies his sitters in the titles of paintings. For the viewer such knowledge is dangerous and distracting and Freud's life in art has demanded a personal ruthlessness: secrecy and change have been imperative. In 1954 in *Encounter* Freud stated that the painter's tastes must grow out of what obsesses him in life. "A painter must think of everything he sees as being there entirely for his own use and pleasure. The artist who tries to serve nature is only an expeditious artist."

Entering discreetly where he believes the heart of the matter to be, Gowing considers the artist's decision in 1970 to paint his recently widowed mother. Lying on her back in a pale dress, she is breathtakingly beautiful. The way in which she is painted and the faraway look caution us that the haunting passage of canvas and paint, the product of two people who work the same flesh and blood. The artist is not posing for our benefit. The recent portraits of three of the painter's daughters—Rose, Esther and Bella—are designated "the grandest" and the most important paintings. "Figure with bare arms" (1961-62) is considered at length. Stroked paint and the triangular foregrounding of the woman's torso register uncomfortably on the printed page, but by the end of Gowing's description we have been imaginatively transported to the room where the canvas hangs and shown that scale makes his two-dimensional image "real" true. Hence Freud's desired "inevitability". Gowing explains why Freud seldom identifies his sitters in the titles of paintings. For the viewer such knowledge is dangerous and distracting and Freud's life in art has demanded a personal ruthlessness: secrecy and change have been imperative. In 1954 in *Encounter* Freud stated that the painter's tastes must grow out of what obsesses him in life. "A painter must think of everything he sees as being there entirely for his own use and pleasure. The artist who tries to serve nature is only an expeditious artist."

All the models gain Gowing's respect; he wisely identifies those who appear in several works without caricature—"the dark girl with no eyes" (the woman smiling) and "the man in the hat" (the man in the hat). In the latest pictures balding men constricted by their wrinkled skin and the bloated forms of pregnant women are mesmerizing and extraordinary amount of knowledge is contained in paint about the link between physical attributes and behaviour. The relationship between artist and sitter is a two-way street: sitters appear to challenge the painter to penetrate their unique depths.

Alien beings

Henry Kamen

ANTHONY PAGDEN

The Fall of Natural Man: The American Indian and the origins of comparative ethnology
254pp. Cambridge University Press. £24.
0 521 22202 8

The ambitious title of this book is somewhat deceptive, and Anthony Pagden himself admits in his excellent introduction that "much of the ground covered will be familiar" and that "I have attempted only to re-examine a group of familiar texts in terms of their intellectual context". Although he has read widely and deeply, therefore, he restricts his discussion to ground that has been very deeply ploughed by many other writers who have offered analyses of the impact of America on the Spanish mind. The major themes are here: the concept of a barbarian, the theory of natural slavery, the attitude of Las Casas. Going beyond these familiar subjects, Pagden offers what is in effect a complete reinterpretation based on reference back to the classical texts of Aristotle and the authentic contemporary meaning of the words and concepts used by sixteenth-century writers. His philosophy then of history, concerned less with the changing and volatile relationship between historical event and philosophical interpretation, than with the conceptual approach of a selected number of writers of the sixteenth century. This distinguishes his book from that of empirical writers like Francisco Guerra (whose *Unconquered Mind* is oddly absent from the bibliography) and from the wholly original writings of most modern Spanish commentators, whom Pagden criticizes for a failure to look beneath the words on the printed page.

At the same time, however, he is very much open to disagreement. It is not evident to me, for example, that he uses the phrase "natural slavery" to interpret in the sixteenth-century context, and fails to take account of the widely accepted Ovidian

view of the nature of men living without society.

Apart from such details, however, Pagden's approach is singularly successful, and fully justifies his emphasis on the word "ethnology". His analysis of the jurist Palacios Rubios is both original and lucid, and his presentation of Vitoria (basically a commentary on his *De Indis*) is the best I have seen in English, easily superseding the purely juridical version of Vitoria's views normally given by Hanke and by subsequent scholars. His summary makes it clear that many of the theologians discussing the nature of the American Indian did not rely only on a priori medieval principles, but were concerned to arrive at a practical and reasoned analysis. The principles of Aristotle were shifted, as he puts it, "from one path of Aristotelian psychology to another". Writers of the subsequent generation were influenced by this rethinking, and the American experience formed a staple part of any discussion on the nature and origin of human societies.

My impression is that Pagden is less successful when he enters the crowded Las Casas-Sepúlveda arena, and that his presentation of Sepúlveda is unduly unfavourable (as against the much more balanced picture given recently by Fernández-Santamaría). His chief effort is spent on the Jesuit historian José de Acosta, who occupies one quarter of the book. Acosta has never been adequately analysed in English, and what is given here is an excellent survey. Since Acosta was a second-generation commentator (he died in 1600) and not a pioneer like Las Casas, his views were inevitably more mature and as a result more systematic. The pages on him are rewarding reading, though it would be useful to know how original Acosta's ideas were, and whether he shared his presuppositions with other Jesuits of the time or with other heirs of the Salamanca school. The varieties of opinion among sixteenth-century writers on America are all too often simplified into categories. Pagden has managed impressively to break through this type of presentation, and his work is well pointed the way to a more extensive reassessment of the views of other commentators.

The first site cleared was on the

landward side of Carter's Grove, and proved to belong to the period after 1622 and before about 1650. It was an individual household, surrounded at some distance from the house by a fence. It is thought to have been built by a man of substance, probably William Harwood who had headed Martin's Hundred and come back for a few years to take over part of its land when the settlers had gone (it was then occupied by one or two other persons up to about 1650). This was the practice site: it threw up, unexpectedly, some fine Virginia-made pottery, the earliest so far discovered, and sent the excavators hunting in the woods for the place where it was made. They did find a site with discarded fragments of armour and a good deal of pottery, including a piece dated 1631, but not the kiln. Archaeologically the pottery find was a valuable one.

The Bengal trade

C. R. Boxer

FRANK LEQUIN

Het Personeel van de verenigde Oost-Indische Compagnie in Aze in de Achttiende eeuw, meer in het bijzonder in de vestiging Bengalen
700pp, 22 maps and portraits. Obtainable from the author at de Binnenvestgracht 36, 2311 NV Leliden, The Netherlands.

This very substantial and innovative Leiden University thesis analyses and discusses the European personnel of the Dutch East-India Company (VOC) in Asia in general and more particularly in Bengal during the eighteenth century. It documents them in great detail as to both quality and quantity, ranging from the ill-paid and ill-equipped soldiers (mostly mercenaries of German origin) to the lavish life-style of some of the senior "qualified servants". These latter included J.M. Ross, Director in 1776-81, whose "regal magnificence" so impressed William Hickey, and who was a personal friend of Robert Clive and Warren Hastings. Chinsura was the principal Dutch settlement but there were subordinate stations at Patna and Cassimbazar.

Despite extensive losses in the archives of the VOC in the

Netherlands, an enormous amount of material still remains in some sections, necessitating the use of a computer to extract the relevant information. With this mechanical aid, supplemented by consultation of a wide range of primary sources, including the EIC records in the India Office at London and the ledger of the Bank of England and Records at Roehampton, Frank Lequin has compiled a wealth of detail (much of it arranged in statistical and tabular forms) about the personnel involved. It includes their often complex financial arrangements for "getting, spending, and investing" (to borrow the title of a book by Alice Carter). The Directors of the VOC in the Netherlands (*The Heren XVII*) had to meet, in the years 1753-87, the payment of at least Dfl. 103,826,667 for the bills of exchange drawn to the Dutch trading settlements from Cape Town to Canton. This amount was almost equal to the sums transferred to Europe by EIC bills of exchange from Calcutta in the much longer period 1709-10/1783-84. The *Heren XVII* paid in the years 1755-90 at least Dfl. 18,402,366 for VOC bills from Chinsura alone.

The VOC was established in Bengal by 1655, long before the English founded Calcutta; but it was rapidly overshadowed by the EIC after the decade 1720-30. It was reduced to a virtually subordinate status in 1759, following a badly bungled attempt to

retrieve its deteriorating political position by force of arms. Nevertheless, the Dutch commercial and social presence in Bengal continued for the remainder of the eighteenth century. Several of its "qualified servants" were interesting personalities in their own right, as can be seen from the section, *Who's Who in Bengal?*

This book, lavishly annotated and admirably indexed, most usefully complements the standard works of Peter Marshall, S. C. Ghosh, Ashin Das Gupta, et al., breaking new ground in several respects. There is an informative English summary on pages 205-14; but perhaps some enterprising Indian publisher will give us an English translation.

Government Organization Manuals 1900-1980

The organization and personnel of the Government of 13 countries throughout the world.
Published on microfiche by
Chiswick Press Ltd
20 Newmarket Road
Cambridge CB5 8DT
Telephone (0223) 311479

All that glisters

Richard West

TIMOTHY GREEN

The New World of Gold: The Inside Story of the Mines, the Markets, the Politics, the Investors
260pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.
£7.95.
0 297 780379

EDWARD JAY EPSTEIN

The Diamond Invention
270pp. Hutchinson. £7.95.
0 09 147690 9

The Bayreuth production of the *Ring*, recently televised by the BBC, was praised by some of our critics for its political acumen in showing Wotan and the rest as capitalists exploiting the gold-mining class. "We have to dig it out, melt and forge, while his hoard grows high" - as one of the Nibelungs whines about Alberich. It did not require these Bayreuth Marxists to "bring out" political lessons from Wagner. His own message was loud and clear. *The Ring* was and remains the great study of greed, and in particular man's lust for gold. Already the ancient civilizations of Mexico and Peru had been destroyed in the quest for "El Dorado", the man painted in gold. As Wagner was writing the *Ring*, a new scramble for gold was taking place in Australia and in California. A few years later, discoveries on the Witwatersrand were to bring into being the city of gold, Johannesburg, which somebody described as "Monte Carlo superimposed on Sodom and Gomorrah".

The history of South Africa's gold bears out the prophecy of the *Ring*. In the first place, almost all of the mining entrepreneurs like Beit, Ekstein and Oppenheimer were, like the villains of Wagner, German Jews, and most of them from the Rhine cities. The anti-semitic tone of the *Ring* - especially its caricature of Alberich - reflected a widespread prejudice against gold financiers. This prejudice was especially marked in liberal newspapers such as the *Manchester Guardian*, which wrote that the Boer War was started by Jewish capitalists in order to steal Johannesburg from the Afrikaners. Recent research by Thomas Pakenham tends to suggest that the *Manchester Guardian* got this right: our pro-Consul Milner was in cahoots with Beit and others in order to gild the Boers to war. But victory in that war brought down on the English and all South African people what

Wagner described as "the curse of the Ring".

The Boer War was followed by strife between the gold-mining capitalists and their English and Afrikaner miners. This erupted in 1922 in what was described as a strike but was more of a revolution, when white miners, protesting against the recruitment of blacks, rose under the Communist Party and its slogan: "Workers of the World Unite for a White South Africa". More than a hundred were killed by bombing, artillery fire and infantry charges. Although the government won this battle, the miners were set on the road towards the present Republic and the apartheid system. The curse of the *Ring* which had set the English against the Boers, now set the whites against blacks and coloureds. As Paul Kruger, the Boer leader, had prophesied: "I tell you, today, that every ounce of gold taken from the bowels of our soil will yet have to be weighed against rivers of tears".

It must also be said that the Curse of the Ring has fallen still more heavily on the Communist world than it has on South Africa. The Soviet Union has always produced its gold in secrecy: but the surviving miners reveal that some of the mines were death-camps. During the 1930s, several million prisoner-slaves were frozen, starved or beaten to death at Kolyma. In northern Siberia, in his *Gulag Archipelago*, Solzhenitsyn has told of the other methods employed by Stalin to get the metal. Beginning in 1929, the GPU arrested anyone who, they thought, might harbour some gold: dental technicians, jewellers, watch repairmen.

The Petersburg draymen all had gold hidden away. Nothing, neither proletarian origins nor revolutionary services - served as a defence against a gold denunciation. All were arrested, all were crammed into GPU cells in numbers no-one had considered possible up till then. . . . Caught up your gold, viper! The prisoners got salt food to eat but no water. Whoever coughed up a gold piece got one cup of fresh water but some people still refused to disclose their hoard, or had no hoard to disclose. These last were beaten, burned, or steamed to the point of death before the interrogators believed them.

In Russia, as in most countries prone to revolution and war, millions of humble people kept a hoard of gold. As Timothy Green explains in his very

informative book, after the Second World War tens of thousands of Germans used gold as a way of paying for immunity from deportation. The French are still great hoarders of gold. So were the Vietnamese, who also believed in a myth of the Mekong comparable to the Nibelung story: before the Communists came to power, there was a bar beside the river at My Tho showing a mural of the "Mekong Maidens". Many thousands of Vietnamese were later able to use their *taels* of gold to pay for a place on a boat to freedom. Some of the rest have now been dispatched to the Soviet Union to toil on half-pay - perhaps in the gold-fields.

Or they may have been sent to the equally secret diamond mines, for diamonds rival gold as the Soviet Union's richest export. On the subject of Soviet diamonds, Edward Jay Epstein tells us little - but more than we knew before. Unlike Green, who ignores the shadier aspects of gold mining, Epstein claims to have written an expose of the international diamond monopoly. His manner is disrespectful, and sometimes, perhaps, he gives too much credit to what are mere conspiracy theories. I simply do not believe that the British government in 1953 threatened to place an embargo on port wine, if Portugal failed to renew its contract with De Beers. Nor is it really true that as late as the 1940s, Britain controlled the financial affairs of South Africa. But most of the book is well founded on facts obtained under the US freedom of information laws.

Much of the information is startling. This book discloses more than we know before of the strange and perhaps unholy alliance of Soviet Russia and the Republic of South Africa, the world's two major suppliers of both gold and diamonds. We had already learned from R. W. Johnson's *How Long Will South Africa Survive?* how France, South Africa and the USSR during the 1960s combined against the United States to float the price of gold that had previously stood at \$35 an ounce. South Africa, in the shape of its Anglo-American Corporation (which was never American and is no longer English), works still more closely with Russia in marketing and maintaining the price of diamonds.

A Soviet diamond expert is resident at the Anglo diamond mine in Lesotho, a South African enclave. South Africans in return make frequent visits to Moscow. All Russian diamonds are marketed by South Africa, and so Epstein tells us, Russian dealers have

learned the traditional Yiddish phrases of blessing like "Mazel and Brucha". When the Marxist government of Angola wanted to market diamonds through a non-South African country, the Russians ordered them to return to the Anglo-American organization. Paradoxically, several quasi-Marxist states of Africa market diamonds through South Africa, while right-wing Zaire is trying to break the Anglo-American monopoly.

The best chapter of Epstein's book recounts how South Africa helped the Russians to off-load millions of dollars' worth of diamonds on to the US market. Although diamonds have always been prized for their beauty, the big increase in their production during the past hundred years has meant that the gems to maintain their price, must be marketed to the general public as well as to kings and maharajahs. The Europeans have never coveted diamonds as much as gold. After the Second World War, the Anglo-American company scored a success in promoting the stones to the Japanese for engagement rings. But the principal market has always been the United States.

In 1945, De Beers, the diamond side of Anglo-American, started a fresh campaign on behalf of diamonds in order to lure the US troops returning to marry their wartime sweethearts. The New York advertising agency, N. W. Ayer, "stressed the need to vitalise the association in the public's mind between diamonds and romance". Hollywood was enlisted to show film stars a-glitter with gems. Slogans were coined or peddled, such as "a diamond is forever" or "a girl's best friend". Above all N. W. Ayer sought to suggest that "the larger and finer the diamond the greater the expression of love".

All went well until the production of South African diamonds started to outstrip the rate of marriage in the United States. The resourceful N. W. Ayer next came up with a programme to plant in the public mind the idea of the gift of a second diamond in later life, as a sign of an "ever-growing love".

Then, as Epstein relates: "The diamond mind had to be further restructured in the mid-1960s to accommodate the surfeit of minute Siberian diamonds that De Beers undertook to market for the Russians. . . . Up to this point De Beers had been largely responsible for reducing the market for small, under one-carat

diamonds. Through its twenty-year advertising campaign, it had encouraged American women to think of the size of a diamond as a status symbol or 'badge'. Now a campaign was started to make people appreciate the diamond not for its size but for its 'perfection'. Larger diamonds were portrayed as ostentatious and vulgar. 'De Beers then devised the 'eternity ring', made up of hundreds of tiny Soviet-sized diamonds, which could be sold to an entirely new market of married women'. Thus the Soviet Union managed to sell its largest single export, diamonds, to its hated foe, the United States, thanks to *operetta* South Africa.

This partnership of Boers and Bolsheviks may not continue to prosper. The price of gold, which went up to \$800 an ounce in 1980 has not returned to anything like that level; indeed South Africa has been obliged to apply for a loan from the International Monetary Fund. Gold always tends to find a stable value. The State Treasury of Alaska is quoted by Green as saying: "Regardless of the dollar price involved, one ounce of gold will purchase a good-quality man's suit at the conclusion of the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, the presidency of Franklin Roosevelt, and today."

Gem diamonds, as distinct from the drab industrial stones, have little intrinsic value. They are very hard to resell - except through De Beers. Stolen diamonds are almost worthless. Even the finest and largest gem worth only what Anglo-American says they are worth. To make things more difficult for the Soviet Union and South Africa, there is now an urgent threat to this present monopoly: Australia has discovered diamonds and does not want to join the selling organization. The Australians could knock the bottom out of the market.

We learn from Epstein that De Beers spent much to publicize its tribute to the insights of Burke's younger contemporary and collaborator, Marcel Mauss. Indeed to some extent *Stolen Lightning* may be read as an exegesis on and elaboration of the observations on magic which Mauss scattered throughout his writings. But, despite the prominence which O'Keefe aims to give to Mauss, Mauss's ideas are in danger of being drowned by other voices clamouring for attention - Arnold, Barthes, Barzun, Berger, Berman, Cassirer, Dumézil, Dumont, Eliot, Engels, Freud, Goffman, Geertz, Gluckman, Godel, Goffman, Habermas, Hallwachs, Horkheimer, Horney, Witt, Kuhn, Kris, Malinowski, Marx, Mauss, Piaget, Polanyi, Rapoport, Reich, Riechl, Sartre, Steiner, Vehlen, Weber, Wittfogel, Witt-

stein and many others. They come at you, ten or twenty at a time. It is all quite intimidating. It is as if "magic" was being used as a vehicle for the study of those who study it, and the book sometimes reads like an encyclopedia of theories about magic, religion and society - an encyclopedia without an index, alas.

Robert Irwin

Daniel Lawrence O'Keefe
Stolen Lightning: The Social Theory of Magic
57 pp. Oxford: Martin Robertson.
£17.50.
0 85520 486 9

Early on in *Stolen Lightning*, Daniel O'Keefe's social theory of magic is set out in a series of thirteen gnomic propositions, rather like a new *Enchiridion* Table by some twentieth-century Hermes Trismegistus. The gist of the argument, as it emerges from the propositions, may be summarized as follows. Religion is a projection of society, and magic a by-product of that projection. Magic is a form of social action which is seen to be effective through social agreement. Magic derives its form, its symbolism and its language from religion (it "steals religion's lightning"). Although magic derives from religion and although it is sometimes in opposition to religion, it can and does sometimes feed fruitfully back into religion. Magic has served to protect the self from social pressures and to establish individuals in society. It crosses cultural frontiers easily, accumulating traditions and scripts like a snowball. It survives in many disguised, as well as overt forms, a twentieth-century Western civilization.

Since O'Keefe aims to cover all magical beliefs and practices, as well as quasi- and para-magical usages, the general theory is, inevitably, studiously general. It has to embrace those down-to-earth mobile old women in seventeenth-century England, the shamans who double as healers and community mediators in Siberia, the ambitious charlatans and rhetoricians of Late Antiquity, the walking dead in Haiti, the witch-hunting Leopard Men in Africa and the Hunting Church of Satan. O'Keefe's general theory lies within the Durkheimian tradition of social theorizing. More specifically, he pays tribute to the insights of Burke's younger contemporary and collaborator, Marcel Mauss.

Indeed to some extent *Stolen Lightning* may be read as an exegesis on and elaboration of the observations on magic which Mauss scattered throughout his writings. But, despite the prominence which O'Keefe aims to give to Mauss, Mauss's ideas are in danger of being drowned by other voices clamouring for attention - Arnold, Barthes, Barzun, Berger, Berman, Cassirer, Dumézil, Dumont, Eliot, Engels, Freud, Goffman, Geertz, Gluckman, Godel, Goffman, Habermas, Hallwachs, Horkheimer, Horney, Witt, Kuhn, Kris, Malinowski, Marx, Mauss, Piaget, Polanyi, Rapoport, Reich, Riechl, Sartre, Steiner, Vehlen, Weber, Wittfogel, Witt-

stein and many others. They come at you, ten or twenty at a time. It is all quite intimidating. It is as if "magic" was being used as a vehicle for the study of those who study it, and the book sometimes reads like an encyclopedia of theories about magic, religion and society - an encyclopedia without an index, alas.

O'Keefe takes data from anthropological fieldwork, insights from psychoanalysis, general theory from sociology and he clips, trims and redirects so to consolidate his postulates. The general effect is somewhat reminiscent of Raphael's fresco of the "Disputa" in the Vatican, where the doctors of the Church, who have contended so fiercely and on so many issues, turn at last to point to the one great Truth on which they all must agree. The astonishing thing about O'Keefe's grand synthesis is that, to a large extent, it works. It is self-consistent and defended in detail. Moreover his expositions and criticisms of the Frankfurt school, the Warburg school, the Oxford group of anthropological historians, are usually accurate and to the point. Names are not dropped without purpose. They fall into place in the synthesis. The argument is clear and often eloquent and witty. On the way one picks up a great deal of incidental information of the "Believe-It-or-Not" kind: the incidence of olism among the Tatars, the occult ramifications of the Kennedy assassination, the magical origins of backgammon and garden gnomes are among the tit-bits.

In a work of such range and detail there is much that is excellent, much that is contentious and some things that are simply wrong. One area of worry is O'Keefe's odd attitude to his sources. He argues that all theorizing about magic tends to become part of magic's own self-elaboration. On the one hand, however, he clearly regards some theories as more magical than others. Thus the interpretations of magic by Jung, Lévi-Strauss and to some extent the Warburg group are not regarded by O'Keefe as distinct from what they study. They are part of magic's accumulating bricolage. On the other hand, while he is clearly aware of their weaknesses, he is prepared when it suits him to use Carlos Castaneda as a source on the Yagui way of knowledge, Idries Shah on oriental magic and Puyvels and Berger on the occult origins of Nazism.

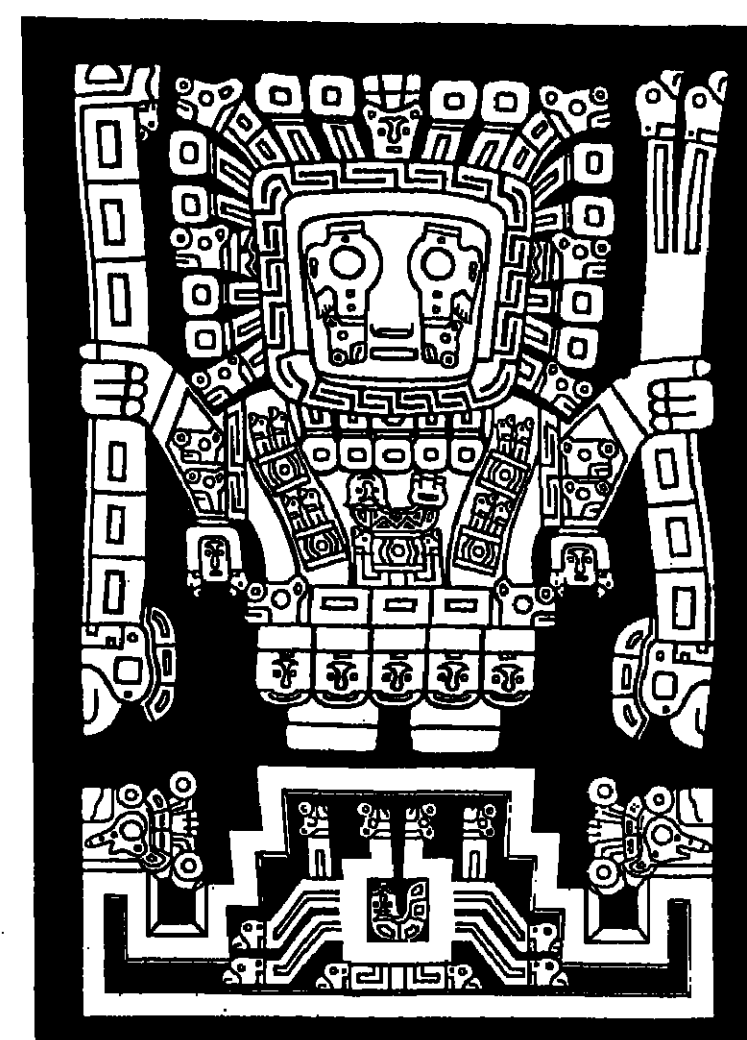
Not everyone would regard these authorities as acceptable. When O'Keefe comes to discuss Jesus, he is torn between Jesus as mushroom-eater (John Allegro) and Jesus as demon-raiser (the late apocryphal gospels and Morton Smith). Elsewhere O'Keefe has a preference for the great classics: de Coulanges on Roman ancestor worship, Gibbon on the reign of Diocletian, Pirenne on the mystical and urban origins of the friars, Robertson Smith on early Arabian

religion. They were all great writers and seminal thinkers, but, while sociologists apparently continue to consult the scholarly authorities that Weir consulted, scholarship on these topics has moved on.

Socially based hypotheses to explain the rise of witchcraft and the witch-hunt can be easily produced; similar arguments for the social origin of the vampire and werewolf become fascinatingly tenuous ("they are projections of society's terrible power to kill"). But social theorizing works less well when it is applied to the occult sciences and divinatory systems. O'Keefe seems ill at ease when he writes about alchemy - as well he might, for he relies on those modern gnostics Carl Jung, Titus Burkhardt and Mircea Eliade. John Holmyard, Paul Kraus and Joseph Needham would have given him a totally different picture of the subject, though one that is no less difficult to assimilate within O'Keefe's general scheme. As far as the I Ching is concerned, O'Keefe follows Durkheim and Mauss in regarding it as a system of divination which evolved from a primitive system of classification; but Needham has shown that it is more likely that it was originally a collection of divinatory texts which came later to be used as a general system of classification.

Since "Magic is a form of social action" is both the beginning and the end of O'Keefe's journey, he is bound to give unsympathetic treatment to those interpretations of magic which stress its epistemological role in structuring and explaining, not so much man's relation to other men, but his relation to the natural world and the cosmos. Hermeticism and Neo-Platonism, for instance, are given functional roles as enabling agents which create an intellectual environment within which witches could be persecuted. But this would need a lot more elaboration to become convincing. Few of the witch-hunts were well up in hermeticism and Neo-Platonism. O'Keefe implies that the fifteenth-century witch-hunters and authors of the *Malleus Maleficarum*, Kramer and Sprenger, read widely in hermetic treatises and grimoires. I know of no evidence that this was the case. Moreover there seems to be no correlation between belief in witchcraft and belief in astrology. In the early modern period Pico della Mirandola attacked astrology while defending belief in witchcraft. Contrariwise Pomponazzi defended astrology while denying witchcraft.

O'Keefe's overall perception of magic is greyly functional and somewhat desiccated. He approvingly cites Malinowski on its boredom, V. S. Naipaul on its dehumanizing effects and Adorno's castigation of it as "the metaphysics of the dope". His emphasis on magic as self-defence and as social policeman elides the glamour, the art, the dressing-up and the wonder-tales elements in magic. Where would Aleister Crowley have been without his costumes and his set-pieces of theatre? What for that matter would he have thought of the thirteen postulates of the general theory of magic?



The central figure on the Sun Portal at Tiahuanaco, Bolivia (c AD 900-1000): an illustration from *The Cult of the Serpent* by Balaji Mundkur (363pp. Albany, NY: State University of New York Press, \$39.50, 0 87395 631 1).

A more serious worry, though, is whether a useful purpose has been achieved by imposing a modern Western classification, "magical", on activities which are not so classified by the cultures that practise them, while excluding some of the practices that are so classified by those cultures. Thus in medieval Islamic treatises on magic (*sihr*) one will indeed find instructions on how to raise spirits and make amulets, but these matters are embedded in texts which discuss the sciences of poisons, automata and treasure-hunting as well as the art of conjuring as if they were all branches of the same subject. Then again, Chinese geomancy is compounded in equal parts of what we would recognize as occultism and what we would recognize as aesthetics. Must we pull asunder what these cultures have joined?

Evans-Pritchard's *Witchcraft, Oracles and Magic among the Azande* (1937) has had an acknowledged influence on some of the most interesting work done subsequently on the history of Western magic and witchcraft - by Peter Brown, Alan Macfarlane and Keith Thomas, among others. But many students of what they have written must have been struck by how little help the Azande distinction between witch and sorcerer and the Azande explanations for misfortune are when it comes to explaining the ebb and flow of magic in European history. Nevertheless, the stimulus that Evans-Pritchard's fieldwork provided is undeniable. It is certainly possible that O'Keefe's remarkable book may have a similar effect on a future generation of historians - though it may be that the chief value of *Stolen Lightning* will turn out to lie in its reinterpretation of data from anthropology and history for the benefit of sociologists. Finally, I wonder why, if Gennep repeatedly appears as Vaid Gennep, Foucault as Foucault and Lacan as Lacan, is this perhaps some form of apotropaic defence against the power of their names?

Customs

I. Flaming rainis snatched like souls
Out of the Keeper's bowl, the lowest sign
The spark-holder, the dragon of rain
Add the Doctor applies his bottle
To the fallen Slander's mouth.
While going from house to house
As the Sun goeth forth out of the lowest sign
And our blackface is the dark
In which the sun was buried.
We dance in the lighted-lanes
In the plant light, in blackface,
Blackened, howling and hobbling
Blind men, but all unmasked
Like the sun, who goeth forth,
Lifting his bowl of flame, full of green souls.
II. Now the giants stalk forth, in Summer
The giants on play stilt
We carry the green giants out;
With swishing boughs, we carry them.

Peter Redgrove

Per ardua ad skytrain

Mary Goldring

HOWARD BANKS

The Rise and Fall of Freddie Laker
155pp. Faber. £6.95 (paperback £2.50).
0 571 11986 7

The most significant fact about Sir Freddie Laker is that he made only one serious mistake in a business career of more than 30 years. It was the decision to start a low-cost airline, which he did in 1966. He was right. He was right to feel he was a pioneer, and this is the thrust of Howard Banks' argument - to believe that he could take on all comers, from governments to judges, and emerge victorious. But take away the façade and he dwindles into just another shuffling airline operator whose creditors called in the receiver on the fourth of February, 1992. It happens all the time.

But because it had never happened to Laker in a career that had brought him from scrap dealer to public figure in three decades, his backers too began to believe the myth. Laker Airways had always found it easy to borrow money. That was true when the airline was set up in 1966 and Sir Freddie's only bankable asset was his name. It was still true when the walk-on booking Skytrain service to America started in 1977. And incredibly, still

held when Sir Freddie decided shortly after that he would like roughly to treble the size of his airline and buy £380 million worth of jets. The alarm bells were silent until Laker was unable to pay the interest on these loans.

Of course they should have rung sooner. Mr Banks thinks that Laker's backers, oldest and truest of which was the Midland Bank, could have done more to save him from his own folly. But in the end, responsibility for the rise and fall of both airline and man must rest on Laker's shoulders. The moment of the immediate aftermath of the collapse comes to two sad conclusions. The first is that Laker would have been in business today if he had been content with the original Skytrain scheme for flights to America and if success had not gone to his head. But as, soon as Skytrain was established, he started on a crimping project to extend it round the world. The second, which is sadder still, argues that the round of air-fare cutting that coincided with the appearance of Skytrain would have happened even if he had never existed. Far from being the great liberator of the flying public, Laker was, Banks argues, an irrelevance and he demonstrates this by setting out as clearly as anyone can, the Byzantine manoeuvres between governments and airlines, and particularly between the British and Americans about air-fare and air-traffic rights, that were running in parallel but behind the scenes while, on-stage, Laker was fighting the case

for Skytrain through the licensing authorities and the courts. He provided a smokescreen behind which they manoeuvred their guns. But it was, in the end, only smoke.

This is not the view of the Laker receiver, who has started legal proceedings against the North American airlines. They united, he argues, in order to cut fares low enough to drive Laker out of business. It is true that in a well-documented series of meetings held by the International Air Transport Association, led by the British and Americans, debated what they should do about Laker's competition and decided sorrowfully that their only option was to match his fares. He had captured 15 per cent of the London-New York market in four years and almost a third of the other Atlantic routes. He could not go unchallenged. Any airline that undercuts the IATA cartel is going to attract the business. Most airlines that do this then go out of business because the fares do not quite cover their costs and the faster business grows, the more they lose. That is what happened to most of Laker's contemporaries. But it did not happen to him because those were the figures he always got right. He wasn't ashamed to raise Skytrain fares when they were wrong.

If Banks is correct, and this part of the Laker business was lost, then there was no reason why other airlines should not make a profit at lower fares. A graph of air traffic would show that at predictable intervals, growth gets a

sharp upward kick from across-the-board cuts in fares. New and more efficient jets will already have lowered operating costs. But these aircraft are efficient mainly because they are bigger, so they automatically create a surplus of seats that pushes the airlines towards cutting fares rather than towards maximizing profits. Laker, with his efficient new DC10s, chose across-the-board fare cuts. Other airline managements, with their psychological fixation on the theory of marginal pricing, tried to restrict their bargain offers to few passengers only, so that air tariffs are an inextricably tangled mess which has created a whole new travel industry dedicated to untangling them.

In *The Rise and Fall of Freddie Laker* a good book? Within its limitations of time and space it is excellent. Banks distinguishes the cardboard cut-out from the real man behind it; a man of big appetites, with a messy, often tragic private life that he managed to keep relatively private. A man of genuine talent, guilty of only the one serious mistake. And that, in the view of the British licensing authorities, was not enough to debar him from the travel business. Laker now has his holiday licence back and is re-starting amid the ashes.

Any book written before those ashes are cool is going to be short on detail. Banks has produced a subtle and exceedingly sophisticated analysis of Laker's rise and fall and the background against which it occurred.

Plugged in

Venetia Newall

JANET AND COLIN BORD

Earth Rites: Fertility Practices in Pre-Industrial Britain
211pp. Granada. £8.95.
0 261 1431 2

Nineteenth-century thought was dominated by the doctrine of survival. Formulated by E. B. Tylor in his *Primitive Culture* (1891), and patterned on the biological evolution proposed in Darwin's *The Origin of Species*, it set out a parallel idea of cultural evolution. That excellent scholar, Ruth Finnegan, once observed:

In earth-acupuncture standing stones (needles of stone) were placed to control the flow of earth energy. Tom Graves sees holy wells as needles in reverse - a needle of nothing connecting the energies of the water to the outside air, and the pagan bonfires as "needles of fire" penetrating the acupuncture practice of moribundity, or the application of heat at selected points. Maypoles were "needles of wood" with energy being produced by dancing. The energy being "primed and directed

by the state of mind of the participants in the dancing". The Bords have harsh words for modern archaeologists, who are "limited by their own materialist world-view" and "couple with approval the 'magical' view" which suggests that "negative ions were generated at ancient sites" and these were known to "have an influence in respect of sexuality and fertility". They admire the discredited theories of Margaret Murray, the antics of Uri Geller and the sex symbols which surround us on every side. Maypoles, crosses, church spires and even standing stones "may have actually been huge phalluses capable of accumulating natural energy and directing it into the earth - impregnating and fertilising the Earth Mother. Energy is of paramount importance. Most ancient sites are sited on ley, or energy networks" and "ancient people were sensitive to subtle energy currents". Bonfires like the Allendale Fire Festival, originally a nineteenth-century Methodist event, are supposed to suggest evidence of human sacrifice in Britain. There is much more in the same vein. Those who like this kind of thing will enjoy this book. I cannot say that I did. And my planetary ethos remains unaffiliated.

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American notes

Christopher Hitchens

Of Dwight Macdonald, who died just before Christmas at the age of seventy-six, one might for once beg to be forgiven the obituarist's cliché. There was only one of him. His individualism became evident when he was writing for Henry Luce at *Fortune* in the 1930s and was irked by the excessive team spirit of the operation. It showed when he was crafting essays for the *New Yorker* (which published his sturdy defence of the King James Bible). But it found its apotheosis in the quintessential anti-magazine politics of which he was founder, editor, publisher, copy reader and most valued contributor. Macdonald, said his friends and enemies, had finally found his true métier. On the traditional shoestring, he managed to solicit enduring contributions from Marianne Moore and Mary McCarthy, Albert Camus and André Gide, John Berryman and Bruno Bettelheim.

In his bearing and in his commitments, Macdonald might be loosely situated somewhere between Edmund Wilson and George Orwell. He was a man who (no doubt sometimes self-consciously) delighted in contradicting the majority, especially the majority of his own circle. His very last piece, which appeared in the excellent *New York Quarterly* *Grand Street*, was an almost deliberate echo of the life he had led in the old days of Greenwich Village. He beckoned to the shade of Delmore Schwartz, perpetual indigent who used to enter fiction contests in trashy magazines to raise the needed — and who never won. In this dank Bellevue verdict, Dwight Macdonald detected a trace of Henry James's story *The Next Time*, wherein a great novelist can't earn enough to clothe his children, and "romantic lady back" is drowned in literary revenues but scorned by the discerning reviews. Each would gladly exchange places. As Macdonald summarized James:

Both attempt to change their spots: the man writes down, trying for a cheap, popular potboiler, and the lady writes up, trying for something that will impress the critics. Both fail: his potboiler is widely acclaimed and widely unsold, her serious effort is panned by the critics but sets a new sales record.

This recalls the ambition of Peter de Vries to have a mass audience large enough for his select following to despise. It also, with its overtones of the "selling out" dilemma, reminds me that Macdonald's death snags one of the very last links to the old *Parisian Review*. The *PR* crowd rarely qualified the aphorism of de Vries. They dreamed of a mass audience, but positively preferred an élite one. Macdonald grappled with this seeming contradiction in his essays on the conflict between American "mass culture" and "mid cult". For the curious, these may still be found in the collection titled *Against the American Grain* which, properly considered and to his own surprise, Macdonald wasn't.

American attitudes to the fictions of the Spanish subcontinent are becoming more complex and more considered, as well as preserving their customary ambiguity. As bilingualism seeps in through the vast postwar influx of California Mexicans and the influx of a larger "literary" profile, responses available to Carlos Fuentes, Jorge Luis Borges and Octavio Paz (Pablo Neruda remains more revered than read.) But beyond a doubt the chief beneficiary of public interest in Latin writing is, and has for some time been, Gabriel García Márquez. His works have the envied sales potency of the campus classic and the no less craved support of the smart reviewers. Normally when a living author becomes a Nobel laureate, his books are hastily republished and set in the windows of popular stores. With Márquez, no such promotion was necessary. His stuff was on the stands already, artfully combining the lure of the exotic with a reputation for the gritty conscience about the treatment of the southern neighbours. Some reciprocal double entendre, of a species which Márquez himself might relish, seems to be at work in the reluctance of the

authorities to allow him into the country.

The regulations which govern subversive activity enunciate the relevant officials from the obligation to state their reasons or to produce their evidence. The President of Colombia, from which ultramontane nation Márquez hails, recently raised the matter in person with Ronald Reagan. Thus far, nothing has resulted from this intervention. All that we know for sure is that in 1971 the author was granted a visa in order that he might receive an honorary doctorate from Columbia University. Now, today, whenever he applies for a permit to visit, it is pluralistic in the most diverse and pluralistic in the world, when the TLS attempted to present a cross-section of current thinking on the teaching of literature (December 10), it picked four Americans — René Wellek, Professor Emeritus at Yale, Paul de Man, one of Wellek's younger colleagues, and E. D. Hirsch, Jr. and Stanley Fish, who took their graduate degrees at Yale when Wellek and his fugitive, Agrarian, New Critical compeers were at the zenith of their influence there. All four of these men have studied and taught only at élite universities with major graduate schools and all share an overriding interest in literary theory. To find a comparable "spectrum" of British academics, all of your commentators should have been drawn from among former students or present fellows of (say) New College, all currently holding professorships at Oxford or Cambridge.

There will, unless I am mistaken, be quite an intriguing little row over Professor Robert M. Tucker's latest book, (*The Fall of the First British Empire: Origins of the War for American Independence*, written with David C. Hendrickson. This notice is without prejudice to a future review.) If anything is against the American grain, it is Tucker's view that the conventional approach of historians to the breach between London and the thirteen colonies is misleading and unselfcritical.

The consensus has for many years been that Benjamin Franklin was right. It was the oblique policy of the British crown, beginning with the Grenville programme of 1764, that disrupted a hitherto mutual and profitable relationship between the metropolis and the periphery. The difficulty with this view is that it entails agreeing with Franklin that, before 1764, the Americans were "led by a thread". If I dare to summarize the Tucker/Hendrickson thesis, it is this: it was not changes in British policy (occasioned by the hubris of victory of the Seven Years War) but the evolution of American identity that caused the rupture. The British were, if anything, too reluctant to resort to the use of force. They feared a *revanche*ist Bourbon intervention in any quarrel on the Eastern seaboard, and strove for conciliation where they could. It was this, rather than the time-hallowed stupidity of the King and his ministers, which explained the numerous and finally disruptive valedictions in colonial policy. If this account be untrue, why was there no revolution over the Stamp Act?

Their interpretation brings the authors into collision with Sir Lewis Namier, whose view was that, once the first American challenge had been made, the subsequent process of unravelling was more or less inevitable. It isn't easy to think of Namier as a determinist, but after reading Tucker and Hendrickson one finds oneself querying his conviction that structural failure was such as to make British statesmen the prisoners of events.

Nor is Namier the only writer dodging the grapple. Thomas Paine, for whom the two southern British authors have a common admiration, mentioned very seldom (considering that he first coined the title "United States of America", a fact unrecorded here) but always with contempt, his description of British motivation in the colonies — "interest, not attachment" — has been very generally accepted. Yet, to what will certainly be the life of many professionals, the authors say that there is no apparent reason (though for believing it to be any less true in the case of the colonies). They write elsewhere of Paine's greatest pamphlet, *Common Sense*, written in 1776, that had it been published somewhat earlier, its author would have been "looked upon as either a madman or a French agent, features of his character that would not be displayed fully for another generation." I'm not sure what is meant by "generations" in that extract, but I'm scarcely confident that the dispute over this book will be well worth following.

Professing Literature

Sir, — It sometimes boggles the mind to discover how little understood American life and culture are in Britain. Through American higher education is the most diverse and pluralistic in the world, when the TLS attempted to present a cross-section of current thinking on the teaching of literature (December 10), it picked four Americans — René Wellek, Professor Emeritus at Yale, Paul de Man, one of Wellek's younger colleagues, and E. D. Hirsch, Jr. and Stanley Fish, who took their graduate degrees at Yale when Wellek and his fugitive, Agrarian, New Critical compeers were at the zenith of their influence there. All four of these men have studied and taught only at élite universities with major graduate schools and all share an overriding interest in literary theory. To find a comparable "spectrum" of British academics, all of your commentators should have been drawn from among former students or present fellows of (say) New College, all currently holding professorships at Oxford or Cambridge.

Much as I admire Professor Wellek's vast learning and gentlemanly grace, his lifelong efforts to broaden our knowledge of literary and critical traditions, while at the same time restricting the range of the acceptable canon, have not, I believe, been entirely salutary. One of the most devastating effects of narrowing the interests of teachers of English in the name of literary purity has been an unnecessarily large jump in unemployment among humanist teachers, as Walter Jackson Bate emphasizes in "The Crisis in English Studies", an essay to which de Man and Fish point with scorn. Though, as de Man notes, Bate was *incorrect* in calling Jacques Derrida a "puckish Parisian", de Man and Fish are *wrong* in a much broader and deeper way when they delight in the prospect that their approach will reduce English departments to "much smaller units dedicated to the professional specialization that Professor Bate deplores" (de Man). Among those being asked to sacrifice their careers to the Moloch of professionalism are present and recent students whose tuition helps pay the salaries of de Man and Fish and whose underpaid labour saves these gurus of professional purity from having to stoop to matters so mundane as teaching anyone who does not aspire to profess literature.

Paul de Man attempts to broaden his appeal by arguing that his own views on literature are not much different, really, from those of Reuben Brower of Harvard. If that

were the case, nobody would be talking about a hermeneutical Mafia or a Gang of Four at Yale. Reuben Brower as scholar-critic, teacher and man elicits from most people the kind of warmth and admiration that de Man himself expresses. As de Man observes, Brower wrote not on theory but on great literature, because he believed that literature relates to life in a humanizing way. For de Man to identify his own ideas with Brower's is tantamount to declaring that a snake is very similar to an antelope except that it has shorter ears and is a little more cold-blooded.

Blessedly, not all Yale's teachers — or its students from the 1950s — are quite as purist and elitist as de Man, but many who grew there under the blaze of the New Critical need were so badly burned that the scars still show. Geoffrey Hartman, for example, has recently published a long book to argue that certain kinds of expository prose, which Brooks and Warren excluded from the canon, in fact sometimes possess literary interest and merit. This truism was never doubted by those of us who lacked the benefit of a Yale education.

The most obvious malformation resulting from over-exposure to the New Criticism in callow youth is the assumption that literature is not to be enjoyed and absorbed into the reader's living consciousness and value-system, but is something to be endlessly and prescriptively defined. A work of literature, as almost all great critics of the past have assumed, is a situational act of verbal communication involving a context, a writer, the medium of language and its graphic representations, and an intended audience or readership. It is, in Wittgenstein's idiom, one of a number of possible "language games" that have potentially important consequences for our quotidian lives. But for those aesthetically shell-shocked by the Fugitive / Agrarian wing of the New Criticism, such a view is insufficiently exclusive. They must define the literary work more narrowly as either: (1) the expression of an élite author and his psyche (a strong poet *agonesis*, in Harold Bloom's terminology); or (2) the linguistic medium (de Man); or (3) the affective response of a cadre of professional readers (Fish).

I could provide detailed refutations of each of these and their satellite sophisms, should that course seem useful, but there is a more efficient way to exorcise the persistent malaise bequeathed by the New Criticism: those so devastatingly afflicted by the pines of the pedagogical fathers that they can do nothing but theorize compulsively could refrain from committing their night-mares to paper and, instead, form a

literary consciousness-raising therapy group. Though they might heal no faster, they would then at least be helping to conserve America's forests.

DONALD H. REIMAN
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Sir, — Paul de Man admirably deduces the practical consequences of his methodological assumptions in your symposium, "Professing Literature" (December 10): they would make English departments as "much smaller units". However, though he accurately surmises such a reduction in size will occur because of "institutional resistance", I believe there are other, more principled reasons for testing his practical conclusions.

Even if we grant the salutary effect of his "return to philology" — characterized by close-reading courses systematically discouraging cultural generalization — we must ask, when and where will students be instructed in both the risk and the need of cultural generalization? Courses in history, or philosophy, or physics be deemed more suitable? There any discipline that will not be struck dumb — generally speaking — by human civilization's constant quest and continuing failure "to use cognition, desire, and morality in one single synthetic judgement"? De Man evidently wants to take English departments out of the business of articulating "standards of cultural excellence". This would certainly result in a tidier scientific enterprise, but one must be awfully cautious, and awfully biased, about alternative sources of cultural idealism in our society to endorse it.

One good reason for English departments to continue to profess standards of excellence, however provisionally, is suggested by several other essays in the symposium. Invoking cultural provincialism in America, Australia, Ireland and East Africa (nor should Britain be omitted), these writers point to the fact that cultures keep growing and changing, however messily from a logical point of view. In so far as literature and the arts reflect and affect this haphazard growth, enlightened societies try to provide for an educated citizenry that will guide national development in human directions. De Man would not, I think, deny this, but his perverse cultural generalization is so distorted that it is hard to see how it can contribute to any optimistic sense of social progress. Yet, in opposing the negative hermeneutics to the received idea that often past, in every instruction, for humanistic knowledge, he is beating a nearly dead

horse. In my experience, very much of American university classroom instruction in literature proceeds according to the close-reading methods de Man endorses. And, thanks in part to his intellectually pernicious example, the "bafflement" that singular turns of tone, phrase, and figure (are) bound to produce" is raised into an anti-metaphysical principle of bafflement at the possibility of any literary or linguistic meaning whatever.

In the revealing rhetoric of his hyperbolic conclusion, de Man opposes his "terrorist" of "theoretical rubbishness" to the sacred cows and platitudes. While one does not lament the passing of those egregious beasts, one should be wary of jettisoning the principles which fattened them. English departments should continue to try to articulate meaningful relations between "aesthetic values and linguistic structures", rather than opt for the narrowly methodological luxury of constantly maintaining their compatibility or incompatibility as "an open question".

KENNETH R. JOHNSTON
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47405.

Sir, — Many Australians do blame their labour problems on "migrants" from England and many Australian poets, perhaps in compensation for the "cultural cringe" of the past, to which Ian Donaldson alluded (*Professing Literature*, December 10), profess little or no respect for English (as opposed to Australian or American) poetry. But Chris Wallace-Crabbe is not, so far as I know, one of these, and it was a strange (antipodean?) gremlin which credited him in your *Contributors* notes (November 19) with a collection of poems entitled *The English are not Skilled Workers*. The book is in fact called *The Emotions are not Skilled Workers*, a quotation from the notorious Mr. Malley. It might be well to put the record straight before the late version begins to gain a life of its own as an instance of Pom-busbus.

RODNEY BYBUS
21 Church Walk, Ulverston,
Cumbria.

REUBEN BROWER'S *Scenes in America* Opera has just been published.

JOHN BARRELL is a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

ALAN BROWNHOOD was recently elected Chairman of the Poetry Society's General Council. His latest collection of poems, *A Night in the Gazebo*, was published in 1981.

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